

Mary Rode The Bike And Bull - song lyrics

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Mary Rode the Bike and Bull.

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Words by Chas. A. Taylor. Music by John Harding.

There are things in this world a woman can't do,
But there's nothing a woman won't try;
She is never content with what man can invent,
And she'll beat him in learning to fly;
Now the bicycle craze has set them ablaze-
Sister Mary's gone clear off her base;
She said she could turn It. was sure she could learn It,
And entered full-fledged in the race.

Chorus.

She said that she could ride it, if she could only stride it,
So she started out with bloomers wide apart.
Mother said to shake it, father said you'll break it;
We all went out to see her get a start:
She sprang upon the saddle, and the wheel she tried to straddle,
The boys cried out, "How funny she must feel":
When she began to spin it, the gang cried, "Now she's in it"-
You bet your life that Mary rode the wheel.

Mary can ride anything she can stride;
She looks very well on a wheel,
But when the thing wiggles, it gives her the giggles.
And shakes her clear down to the heel;
But she kept it humming, and we saw her coming;
Her mother cried. "Pump on your right" ;
A little fly copper tried hard to stop her,
But Mary was soon out of sight.- Chorus.

There's, a butcher next door, who owns a big bull-
He saw Mary out on her bike:
He bet Pa a ham she warn't worth a hang,
And Pa said. "Bet what you like.
My daughter Mary'll ride the bull to the dairy;
I'll back her for marbles or wool."
The bet was made, the plans were laid
For Mary to ride the bull.

Chorus.

She said that she would ride it, if she could only stride If,
She sprang upon his back like Mollie Brown;
The bull began to buck her, mother swore he'd chuck her.
But Mary rode him all around the town:
The boys they all went crazy, and said she was a daisy,
And father tried to get the butcher full;
He said he'll lost his money, but Mary was a honey-
You bet your life that Mary rode the bull.